

A new Song sung by a Spaniard before the Earl St. George, his Lady, and the late D. of
O-ed. *Tune Belinda* Translated from the Spanish.



With Crowns and Orbs beneath your Feet,
Your R-ty all here do greet.
Thro streams of blood vve'd freely wade
Sceptres to gain, sceptres to gain
Sceptres to gain for whom they're made.

Was Fate as kind as vve are true,
VWhat Heroes could your Deeds out-do?
The horrors of grim Death vve d flight
To honour you, to honour you,
To honour you, the Glori we'd fight.

But, valiant Souls! know that Success,
Does not the Brave at all times bless;
Whence you submit to Destiny,
And flight her frowns, and flight her frowns,
her frowns which envy Maj-ty.

You have the Bliss you can desire,
On Earth no greater can require
You revel in each others Arms,
Each other love, each other love,
Each other love for matchless Charms.

All Diadems ye may resign,
All Glories which round Monarchs shine,
Since in each others Hearts ye reign,
And may despise, and may despise,
Despise what Scepters can contain.

By birth ye have a Right to a T--
Which ye may always claim your own,
And Trophies thither Hymen did bring
Most worthy of, most worthy of,
most worthy of the pair we sing.

To Al--n bid her adieu,
And to ingratul l--e too;
base Lands which ev'ry Year do crave
new l--ds and R--s, new, &c.
new L--ds and R--s, nay G--ds to have.

But now bright P--s, hear my prayer,
May ye be always heavens Care;
And when your flaming Swords you draw
in a just Cause, in a just Cause,
Just Cause, may they your Rivals awe.

Like that the Cherubims once drew,
Which would have slain all Rebels, who
Invaded blessed Eden's Ground,
Let yours like them, let yours like them,
Like them both sacrifice and wound.

But why talk we of Conquest, when
Mars fights against the belt of Men,
Bellona is not on your side,
So Victory, to Victory,
Victories are to great souls deny'd.

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